
Title: Annabel Lee

Author: Poe

It was many and many
a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived
whom you may know
By the name of
ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she
lived
with no other thought
Than to love and be loved
by me.

I was a child and she
was a child,
In this kingdom by the
sea;
But we loved with a love
that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the
winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason
that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the
sea,
A wind blew out of a
cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn
kinsman came
And bore her away from
me,
To shut her up in a
sepulchre
In this kingdom by the
sea.
The angels, not half so
happy in heaven,
Went envying her and
me-
Yes!- that was the
reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the
sea)
That the wind came out

of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my
Annabel Lee.

But our love it was
stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older
than we-
Of many far wiser than
we-
And neither the angels in
heaven above,
Nor the demons down
under the sea,
Can ever dissever my
soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel
Lee.
For the moon never
beams without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel
Lee;
And the stars never rise
but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel
Lee;
And so, all the night-tide,
I lie down by the side
Of my darling- my
darling- my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by
the sea,
In her tomb by the
sounding sea.